Marshal so brutally and with such scant respect ought to be hanged. With his remnant of life he clung to me; he wanted only me, thought only of me. A sort of instinct! For surely he loved his young wife and his children more than he did me; yet he never spoke of them, which was because he expected no help from them. But I was his protector; for him I was some vague and superior power; I was his Providence, and he was imploring. . . .

(To Mme. Lannes, Duchess of Montebello.) My Cousin: The Marshal died this morning of wounds received on the field of honour. My sorrow is as deep as yours. I lose the most distinguished general in my armies, my comrade in arms during sixteen years, he whom I considered my best friend. His family and his children will always have a special claim to my protection. It is to assure you of this that I have written you this letter, for I am convinced that nothing could lighten the grief that you must feel.

June 5th, Schoenbrunn:

I am here to review the Guard, which is superb. There are 60 guns, 4000 sabres, and 12,000 of the finest infantry in Europe.

9th. (To Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia.) Experience will teach you the difference between reports spread by the enemy and reality. I have never, in the whole of the sixteen years during which I have exercised command, given counter-orders to a regiment, because I always wait until matters are ripe and understood before I begin operations. Don't be so nervous; there is nothing to be alarmed about; it is all empty noise.

llth. (To General Clarke.) It seems to me that the